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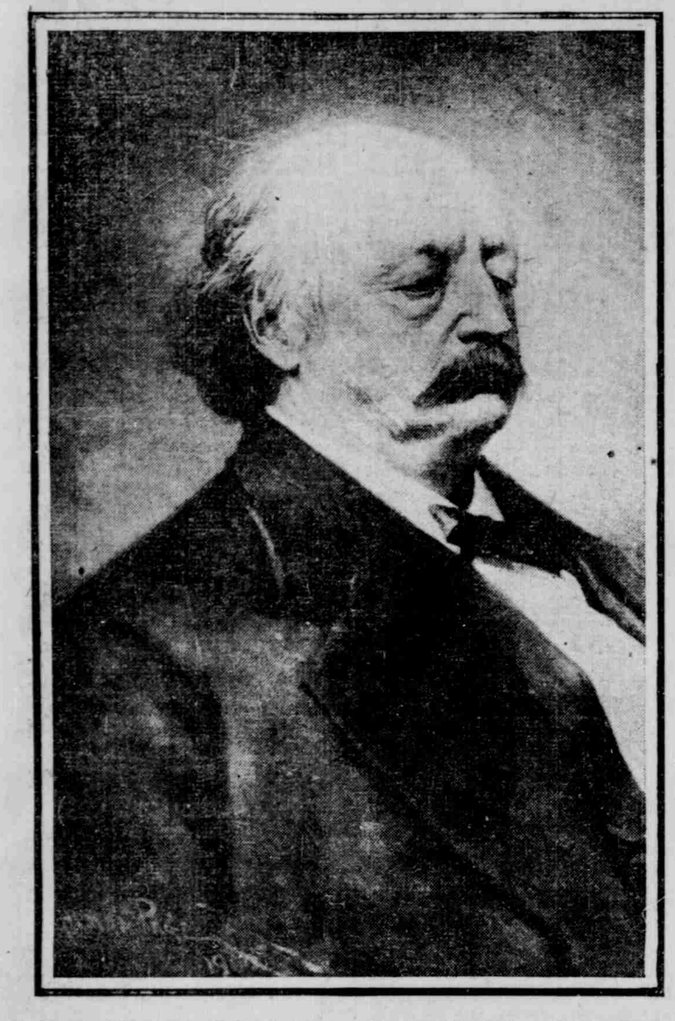

General Benjamin F. Butler, from a Portrait by Walter Gilman Page

Government Offices Serve As Good Training Schools

Many Men, Prominent in the Business World, Acquired Their Knowledge in Washington Departments

THE government of the United States maintains two very notable schools. One is the Military Academy at West Point, the other the Naval Academy at Annapolis. As a matter of fact, every department of the government is, in a sense, a training school and a knowledge of the life histories of many of the captains of industry and finance throughout the land would show that much of their success in later life was due to the knowledge and experience gained while they were serving the government in their early years. In the military and naval establishments men of talent are not, under present conditions, so liable to leave the service as they were in the past. Nevertheless, the executive ability gained and fostered during military life has in many notable instances been found of value in commercial pursuits. City governments have also been indebted for many improvements to the skill, energy and scrupulous honesty of men who had in the past worn shoulder straps in the military service. It is hardly necessary in this connection to mention the late Colonel Waring, who revolutionized street cleaning methods in the city of New York and opened the eyes of its inhabitants to the possibility of keeping the streets and avenues of the city in proper condition. The lesson taught by Colonel Waring was so thoroughly learned that notwithstanding the criticisms and statements to the contrary the streets of the American metropolis are as a rule kept in much better condition than those of the average city.

Another of the men who after spending years in the service of the government was called to fill a position of importance in the outside world is Rear Admiral Francis T. Bowles, formerly chief constructor of the navy and recently made the president of the Fore River Ship and Engine Company in Boston at a salary, it is said, at $25,000 a year. At the head of one of the great educational institutions in the same city is Henry Smith Pritchett, who resigned from the government service when superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey to become the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

INSTANCES ARE NUMEROUS.

Instances of this sort might be multiplied indefinitely. Each of the great departments of the government has its graduates doing work of importance in the business world. While the army and the navy have sent out many highly trained specialists, it is, perhaps, the Treasury Department which has proved the greatest success as a training school for business life. In the army and navy many motives combine to keep the bright and energetic young man in the service. He is actuated by a feeling of duty to the government which has educated him, he has before him the hope of distinction and he knows that right conduct and devotion to duty are guarantees that he will be retained in his position until he reaches the age of retirement and that afterward the government will provide him with an income during his declining years. To the man of exceptional ability in the Treasury Department, however, these incentives to continued service are lacking. When one of its officers or employes by the work which he has done attracts the attention of private corporations or institutions which have noted his career and worth, a flattering offer is made for his services and it is seldom declined. Go over the list of bank men in New York, Chicago and other large centers and you will find not a few who have gained their first laurels in government work. Take, for instance, the Chase National Bank of New York. The former president, Mr. H. W. Cannon, and the new president, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, are both ex-controllers of the currency. Take the National Park Bank. Mr. Albert H. Wiggin, who recently left the National Park to become the vice president of the Chase National, won his first spurs as a bank examiner where his ability attracted such marked attention that he immediately received flattering inducements from Boston banking interests and later from those of New York. Going to Chicago we find the president of the Commercial National Bank of that city, James H. Eckels, to be an ex-controller of the currency in a recent administration. Similar examples might be found in Philadelphia and others of the leading cities of the country.

Mr. Cannon, the former president of the Chase Bank, served as the controller of the currency in 1884-5 and in 1892 was a member of the International Monetary Conference at Brussels. In addition to his general knowledge of banking he has paid especial attention to railway interests and is a director in a number of large companies.

A NOTABLE EXAMPLE.

Mr. Hepburn's government training was an extensive one. Over twenty years ago he was the superintendent of the banking department of the State of New York and later entered the national service as a bank examiner, becoming controller of the currency in 1892 and serving two years in that capacity. When he returned to private life in 1893 a position was awaiting him and he immediately became the president of the Third National Bank of New York and has since been known as a man of wide influence in political and financial circles, representing conservative forces in banking. His name is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and is a synonym for firm, sound, conservative and properly progressive methods of banking.

Mr. Wiggin, the vice president of the Chase National Bank, as the first active vice president of the National Park Bank, was a responsible officer to an institution with $50,000,000 of deposits and strong Vanderbilt affiliations, Cornelius Vanderbilt being on the board of directors and other family interests being represented by Stuyvesant Fish and August Belmont.

The service of Mr. Eckels as controller is so recent that it is still fresh in the minds of the reading public. During his service for the government in 1893-97 he made a national reputation. Mr. Eckels when he entered the government employ was a man less than forty years of age. He had been trained for the bar, being a graduate of the Albany, N. Y., Law School in the class of 1880, but he found that his inclinations led to the world of finance rather than to courts of law. Nevertheless, his early experience as a lawyer has doubtless been of assistance to him and has contributed to his subsequent success. He is now the head of one of the three largest banks of Chicago, with wide spheres of influence extending throughout the whole Northwest. He is a director of many other banking institutions and has served as receiver of the Chicago traction roads, being therefore a potent influence in all the local transportation interests of the metropolis of the middle West.

These men at different times in the Treasury Department have since their graduation from the training school of the government been brought into active relations with one another. Three of the four are among the directors of the financial institution which may be said to have attracted more attention during the past year than any other of the younger banking concerns in New York. It is significant in these days when so many trust companies are subjecting themselves to criticism because of their attempts to do a banking business in a manner not contemplated by the original companies that three ex-controllers of the currency should be on the board of directors of a company which has declared that it will scrupulously refrain from bidding accounts away from commercial banks and will not invade the proper provinces of savings institutions. This is the Bankers' Trust Company, formed, as the name implies, by banking interests which have found that the trust companies to which they were forced to turn business were becoming active competitors in the straight banking field. A company composed entirely of bankers may be said to be composed of experts. These men believe that many trust companies of to-day have wandered from the original intention of their promoters, and the guiding spirits of the new enterprise are of the opinion that the solution of the present difficulties lies in a return to what were originally considered the essential purposes of such an organization. The experiment has been watched with interest, and the rapid growth of the company has given evidence that the policy which it has adopted is the wise one.

The Perfect Portrait Means First A Likeness, Then Something More

No Two Painters See the Same Thing in a Subject's Face, Which Accounts for Differences in Portraits That May All Be Truthful

From a Portrait by Walter Gilman Page

The True Artist Must Have an Inborn Talent for the Work and Must Inevitably Put Something of His Own Personality Into Each Picture

AN artist, a portrait painter, was once asked what he mixed with his colors. The answer was swift and curt, "brains!" And the reply is a correct one, so far as it covered the question. Seriously speaking, however, it requires considerable more than "brains" to prove the title of portrait painter, as it's decidedly a specialty and, of all branches of the art of painting, ranks the highest.

It is, of course, easily understood that the early processes of development are practically the same in the life of one destined to be a painter of portraits, as in any other specialized form of expression, for that is just what painting means to the true artist; and the acquirement of technical ability, the years of preparation, can be well passed over as common to all students, whatever branch of the fine arts they may individually pursue later.

Given the manual dexterity, therefore, to it must be added what can never be acquired, but which is inborn, namely, a power of physiological analysis, deep and penetrating intuition, a quick grasp of the salient points of character in the individual, the faculty of conversation, bringing out all the life of the subject, an absolute ignoring of the "way it is done"—the hand thoroughly responsive to the acute action of the mind, and on this last point too much stress cannot be laid, for the interference of matter over the mind is a bar to success. To study and question, fuss and worry, experiment and work over and over, is quite sufficient evidence that the education of the artist is not complete—the technical side must be kept subordinate and closely responsive to the mental process; the sudden and fleeting but characteristic expression must be caught. The subtle and fugitive spirit requires a sort of divination, and especially so is this the case with portraits of women.

If not the only, yet the most essential quality of a portrait is the likeness. We want to have before us the faces of our loved ones, just as "real" as it is possible to have them, not clouded over by what may merely be a temporary fashion of painting, the result being a picture, rather than a portrait, yet this does not mean that the pictorial should be ignored, and a mere semblance sought for. Every subject suggests certain pictorial possibilities which should be included with the likeness, accessory to it, and enhancing the charm of the result. In this way, portraits have a far wider circle of admirers than the small one formed of the family and intimate friends. For this, and because of this, quite apart from the reputation of the painter, some of the most loved canvases in the world to-day are in reality but portraits.

Generally speaking, a portrait should be a document, a type of a particular period, summing up in itself the age it represents, and one is convinced of this when looking at the stern old Hollanders of Rembrandt's day, the beauties of the glorious era of Venitian power, or at the bewitching dames of the court of England, painted by Van Dyke. They are all human documents, true of their day and generation, immensely interesting to us, full of life and vigor.

I have mentioned three types of portraits, but if we should see the same individual portrayed on canvas by Rembrandt, Van Dyke and Titian, all life-like yet absolutely different in conception, and each one a perfect likeness, it might be an interesting object for the lay mind to study, yet it is a familiar circumstance to the painter. I have stated that each portrait is a likeness, yet each is dissimilar from the other, and there will be just as many likenesses as there are painters, and no two conceptions alike. Each portrait will also have its own adherents, for there is in every portrait as many likenesses as there are people to look at it. Each spectator has his or her impressions of the original of the portrait, and each feels quite assured that he or she is perfectly well qualified to advance a criticism. The exact number of hairs in an eyebrow is the attitude of some people, who look at a portrait much as a carpenter would regard his labors. It is necessary to have something more than a pair of eyes to look at a portrait. Those who think this is sufficient, are the ones who would use a pair of compasses. If the measurements are correct, then it's a good portrait!

The Countess of X. failed to recognize her own portrait until the painter had drawn iron bars across the canvas and placed it on exhibition. It is sometimes a mistake to paint people without flattery, for there are few who take the position Oliver Cromwell took; yet, again, why not call it idealization, and is it not the proper attitude to assume? What is more mobile than a woman's face? It is one expression now; in an instant all is changed, like the lights and shadows on the surface of the stream. In a man's portrait, it is a case of selection as to attitude and expression. Is he a man in public life, and is his portrait to be placed in the Statehouse? Or is he to be painted for his family? This has a bearing on the question of determining the artist in his conception. Every line in the portrait tends in one direction, and whatever the mood of the sitter, the ultimate result to be attained must not be lost to view.

It happens that the conception of the man goes far deeper than even intimate friends are apt to penetrate, and certain points stand out in plain relief on the canvas that may have hitherto been concealed, or at least not noticed; in fact, if the sitter is regarded as a document, whose personality is formed by his environment, then the truth of the facts set forth should be apparent and produce conviction, not alone in the head but in the hands, for in a man's portrait they tell all there is to tell. In a woman's portrait the accessories play a far more important part, the background, the soft draperies, the scheme of color, jewels—all should be foils to enhance the charms of the sitter; and whatever is done with this underlying motive, be it understood, should merely take its place, not obtrude and catch the eye as the first claim upon attention.

The portrait of a woman should, above all, be womanly, and partake of the charm of the sex; it should be brilliant and sparkling if of a young woman, tender and loving if of an old one. A delicacy and refinement of touch should characterize the work; the brush should play lightly and easily over hair, face and bosom. An atmosphere should surround it all; an atmosphere which seems to envelope the spectator, so that he enters into the spirit of the work and partakes, in a measure, of the actual joy of creation. In a man, all should be different, for bold, quick, energetic strokes, each touch leaving its mark of line and character, must clearly be the mood. In a man's portrait there is less tendency or wish to generalize; in a woman's, all effort tends to generalization, and the result is a composite impression, for the type of modern woman is of all moods and impulses, but exquisite always. One of the tendencies of the day is for American women to sit to foreign painters for their portraits, and of all things this is one of the most absurd. The results prove the statement. No one but an American can comprehend the American girl, so far as it is possible to comprehend this most fascinating of all created women, and to imagine for one moment that she can be represented upon canvas by a Frenchman or any of the over-seas portrait painters, is to try to imagine an impossibility. The thing is beyond their comprehension. They are masters of their art so far as technique goes, and can render the superficial to perfection, but to fix on canvas anything outside of mere prettiness is quite beyond their grasp. And we all know the American girl is something more than "pretty."

In what I have stated, I think it will be seen that there is a great deal to be considered in a portrait besides the likeness, admittedly an essential, but not by any means all that is required.

WALTER GILMAN PAGE.

From a Portrait by Walter Gilman Page

Japan as Kipling Saw It; Leaves from Briton's Notebook

Casual Observations of the English Author That Have a Special Interest During These Days of Turmoil in the East

A FEW years ago Rudyard Kipling made a trip around the world, stopping a short time in most of the principal countries. He took notes, and from time to time wrote articles about what he saw for his home papers in India. These articles were collected and given to the world in 1899, under the title of "From Sea to Sea," in two volumes. About one hundred and thirty pages of Volume I are devoted to Japan, and, in view of the present war in the East, an abstract of his observations might be interesting. There seems to be a well-established precedent for making books of travel entertaining, and Kipling has not departed from the usual custom in this respect. It is, therefore, not always easy to separate his humor from facts, but if any doubts arise the original may be easily consulted.

Somewhere in his travels Kipling picked up a professor who may have been real or imaginary, or he may have performed the same function as Artemas Ward's kangaroo, which was such an "amoozin' little cuss." At any rate, the professor acts as a sort of foil in the narrative.

One of the first things Kipling noticed as he was leaving the boat was a Russian steamer from Vladivostok which was in a deplorable condition of filth. He was informed that Russian men-of-war were no better and that they came "into Nagasaki to clean." This corresponds with recent newspaper statements concerning Russian seamanship.

The awakening and sudden passion for Western civilization which occurred in Japan not long since is a well known story. Japanese progress is sometimes extravagantly described and a few enthusiasts have asserted that in a trial of arms Japan could give any nation on earth a bad quarter of an hour. Kipling admired and praised highly much that he saw in Japan, but he was unable to take their innovations seriously. The introduction of European ideas and custom he regarded as incongruous and out of keeping with the character of the people. It struck him that they had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. "All the Japanese officials from police upwards seem to be clad in European clothes and never do their clothes fit. In the more metropolitan towns men say Western dress is rather the rule than the exception. If this be so, I am disposed to conclude that the sins of their forefathers in making enterprising Jesuit missionaries into beefsteak have been visited on the Japanese in the shape of a partial obscuration of their artistic instincts. Yet the punishment seems rather too heavy for the offense."

At Tokio every tenth man was in European clothes, the shop signs were English, the tramway had an English gauge, the goods sold were English and the street guides were in English. Upon one occasion after staying a long time in a quaint little curiosity shop he and the professor went away "grieved afresh" about the constitution and the European clothes. Their tastes were so thoroughly gratified that the professor suggested that it would be well to establish a protectorate over Japan and pay them whatever they asked to do nothing but make beautiful things "while our men learned."

Before Kipling left the boat he was importuned to read the new constitution. It was a terrible thing to study, because it was "so pitifully English."

The people were simple in character and kindly disposed. "The Jap is a child all his life." The people were so unconventional and the country so full of children that he called Japan a land of babies. Kipling found order and cleanliness everywhere. "It is so strange to be in a clean land, and stranger still to walk among doll's houses. The Jap keeps his house speckleslly pure because he likes cleanliness and knows it is artistic." Upon entering a shop he was depressed with its neatness. "I tried to console myself with the thought that I could kick the place to pieces; but this only made me feel large and coarse and dirty. Japanese shopkeepers ought not to be so clean." Japanese homes were chiefly constructed of sliding screens and paper partitions. Kipling tells of a burglar who entered a house in Tokio with a pair of scissors instead of a jimmy and stole the consul's trousers. Before entering a teahouse he was compelled to take off his boots, and the interior was a "paradise of cleanliness." He and the professor were much embarrassed at being compelled to recline on rugs and eat with chopsticks from toy tables a few inches high. The chopsticks are described as wooden knitting needles.

For local and occasionally for long-distance travel Kipling used the jinrickisha, which is a two-wheeled vehicle having a hood and springs and drawn by one or two men.

A theater which Kipling visited was entirely constructed of wood and highly inflammable material, and "every other person in the house was smoking a tiny pipe and knocking out the ashes every two minutes." This suggested cremation and theater horrors to him, and he hesitated about remaining, but the professor pointed out that they could easily kick themselves out of the building, and he decided to take the risk. Pickled fish were sold between the acts. The orchestra consisted of one guitar and something that clicked, but it was "not castinets." "The actors changed in public and any one who liked might shift scenery." They could understand but little of the play, but recognized "every trick and mannerism of the English in that place magnified thirty diameters."

The books say that Japan is composed of four main islands and about four thousand smaller ones, and Kipling recorded that the town of "Osaka is built into and over and among 1,394 canals, rivers, dams and watercuts." The whole of Japan is not as large as California by ten thousand square miles. As the population is now between forty and fifty millions, the tillable portion of the soil is necessarily broken into very small pieces. The cultivation is done mostly with spade and hoe. It seemed to Kipling that a bullock at rest would cover about half of a Japanese field. He and the professor estimated, while looking from their 'rickshaw, that the ground supported about 2,250 people to the square mile. As the population has since vastly increased, there must now be between three and four thousand to the square mile. Notwithstanding her swarming millions, they could learn of no actual poverty in Japan. Four cents a day would keep the agricultural laborer in rice, and the price of fish was nominal. Japan was neither poor nor rich, but comfortable. The Japanese were entirely free from worry. They did their work so easily and deliberately that Kipling described them as playing at everything. Work was done, but he could see nothing that looked like labor or hurry. "A potter sat on a clean mat with his tea things at his side. When he had turned out a vase body he saw that it was good, nodded appreciatively to himself, and poured out some tea ere starting the next one. Somewhere in dirty England men dream of craftsmen working under conditions which shall help and not stifle the half-formed thoughts. Would they have their dreams realized, let them see how they make pottery in Japan." The Japs will take a saucer of pebbles and rub away for a year polishing a vase four or five inches high. They were wonderful artists, and when he saw their patience he did not marvel at it, but he could not reconcile art and the constitution and continental clothing that did not fit.

As Kipling neared the end of his sightseeing in Japan he reviewed a small part of the army. He could not obtain many facts about it, but what he saw did not impress him. The cavalry amused him. The officers were incompetent and the horses were mere ponies, small even for Japs. The riders had much difficulty in keeping their seats. The officers of infantry were "as miserable a set of men as Japan could furnish," but the privates gave promise of efficiency. "If the changes and chances of military service ever send you against Japanese troops, be tender with their cavalry. They mean no harm. But if you meet Japanese infantry, led by a continental officer commence firing early and often and at the longest ranges compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men who know too much."

Japanese attempts at modern civilization Kipling regarded as the "wholesale adoption of imperfectly understood arrangements, pathetic and misdirected. The abandonment of their picturesque costumes, their architecture and time-honored customs, and the introduction of the follies as well as the virtues of other nations struck him painfully. His artistic sense was shocked at the commingling of the Oriental and the Occidental. "I have read the entire Constitution of Japan, and it is dearly bought at the price of one of the kaleidoscopic omnibuses plying in the street there." He predicted certain disaster for the Japs, and when these have come to pass, "they will be sorry that they began tampering with the great sausage machine of civilization. What is put in the receiver must come out at the spout, but it must come out mincemeat."

By a Hair's Breadth

A Thrilling Tale of Adventure, Dealing with Life in the Russian Secret Service

By Headon Hill

CHAPTER I.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

General Granovitch, the chief of the Russian secret police—the dreaded "Third Section"—sat writing in the private room of his bureau on the Nevski Prospect. A busy man always, he was busier than ever that day. On the morrow his imperial master was to commence the tour which, for months, had been the talk of Europe, and on Ivan Granovitch's shoulders lay the responsibility for the safety of the young Tsar and his stately bride.

Presently the general laid down his pen and touched a hand-bell on the desk.

"Has Volborth come yet?" he inquired of the official who answered the summons.

"Monsieur Volborth is in the waiting room, excellency," was the reply.

"Send him in."

The man who entered the chief's room a minute later was, apparently, a peasant—a typical Russian moujik, unkempt and ill-clad. A mass of tangled hair framed and nearly concealed his face, and he carried a greasy sheepskin cap in his hand. But as he crossed the room to stand before the desk, his step was confident and lissom—by no means the cringing gait that might have been expected from his costume. Moreover, he did not smell of vodki.

The chief leaned back in his chair and smiled approvingly.

"Really, my dear Volborth, I must compliment you on your perfectly protean facility for disguise," he said. "Why, you must have spent hours on that make-up?"

"It is the penalty I pay for having to do most of my real work in my own personality, general," was the reply, spoken in cultivated accents. "My value to the Section would be largely discounted if I were recognized crossing this threshold."

"I know that," said Granovitch, "and it is a credit to your ingenuity that to the world at large—above all, to that smaller world with which we are concerned—you are still Paul Volborth, literary trifler and favorite of society. But to business. I should like to be favored with your final view of the situation."

"I find no indications which would warrant the canceling or postponement of the imperial journey," replied Volborth. "There is a total absence of movement and excitement in suspected circles, and outwardly everything points to a quite abnormal state of calm. If I were to say to his Majesty, 'Don't go!' I could put my finger on no tangible reason for the warning, and yet—I am very, very anxious, general. It is this deadly stillness among the gentry of the knife and bomb. It is unnatural."

Granovitch stroked his iron-gray beard thoughtfully.

"There was movement and excitement enough two months back—in June," he said, after a pause. "And nothing, apparently, to account for it. Can it have been that plans were made and schemes laid then which are to bear fruit now? It has before crossed my mind that that may have been a bogus agitation, designed to furnish a reason for the disappearance of dangerous characters whose work is only now to begin—outside our jurisdiction."

"That view necessarily presents itself; but, as you know, diligent search by our agents abroad has failed to find these persons," replied Volborth. "Weletski, Serjov, Krasnovitch and Anna Tchigorin have, to all seeming, vanished from the face of the earth. And Dimitri Petrof, the arch-plotter, and formerly most active of those still in Petersburg, is as quiet as a sucking dove. He is perfectly open in his comings and goings. The closest watching has failed to trace him to suspicious company, or to saddle him with the dispatch or receipt of treasonable letters. In this connection, general, an idea occurs."

"And that is?"

"That they have appointed a new executive head—some individual against whom no breath of suspicion has ever blown, even from this office," said Volborth earnestly. "If they were contemplating a grand coup, it would have been quite worth their while to reorganize specially for the purpose of baffling us. It would account for Petrof's present quietude. In order to let the blow come from an entirely unexpected quarter, he may have surrendered his authority to unseen hands, possibly even remaining in ignorance of details, of subordinates, of everything."

"That is a startling theory—that of a new gang of the utterly unsuspected," exclaimed the chief, rising and pacing the room uneasily. "Unceasing vigilance over their Majesties' persons could alone save them from such people. And I have not only to protect their lives, I must spare them the horror of an attempt. How can we counteract such a danger, Volborth, presuming it to exist?"

"I have already endeavored to counteract it," was the reply. "That is to say, for a month past I have made a point of suspecting every one—entirely, I repeat, without result."

For over a minute there was silence in the room, and then Granovitch, halting suddenly, faced about and confronted Volborth, who was still standing by the desk.

"My friend," he said, "there is no one better fitted for this task than yourself. You must accompany his Majesty as the chief agent of the Section, though not openly as such. Existing arrangements will stand. Restofski will act as the visible head of the police who are to travel en suite, but he will be at your orders. He is absolutely to be depended on, and has done good work under you before. You shall go in the character of official historian of the tour. That will be in keeping with your avowed occupations."

"I am at the disposal of the Section," said Volborth, calmly. "I should wish to stipulate that my real capacity is known to as few of the suite as possible—say, to Prince Lobanof and the chief aid de camp.

"A wise precaution, and it shall be attended to," said Granovitch. "I will send for Restofski at once and explain the situation to him. For yourself, it might be well if you took a last look round."

"I shall be busy between now and the hour of departure to-morrow," answered Volborth, significantly. "I shall see you before we leave? Good! Then, for the present, farewell, general."

The moment he was over the threshold of the private room his gait changed to a shambling slouch, in keeping with his dress. Passing through the ante-chambers and hall, he bowed cringingly to several officials, who were well aware of his high position in the Section, but who treated him to the stony stare, and in one or two instances to the curse, they would have accorded to the genuine moujik. It was not likely, but it was possible, that even within the precincts of the bureau there might be sharp eyes prying out those whose one duty it was to pry.

Volborth passed through the swing doors on to the broad flight of steps that leads to the street level, and half-way down he met a man who was ascending, with the evident intention of entering the building. The one glance that Volborth shot from under his shaggy, false eyebrows told him that the visitor to the Section bureau was neither a Frenchman nor a Russian, his somewhat "loud" tailoring being more suggestive of a British or American tourist. His complexion was florid almost to redness, and his clean-shaven face was broad and good-natured, though, as he stopped and accosted Volborth, the latter was conscious of a curious dilatation of the smiling eyes.

"Say, can you inform me if this is the American consulate?" he inquired, in a language and accent that left no doubt as to his nationality.

But Volborth, who, speaking six languages like a native, understood him thoroughly, merely shook his head, and, grunting inarticulately, proceeded on his way. With a shrug of his shoulder the stranger entered the swing doors and was lost to view.

"That is either a very guileless or a very deep specimen of the traveling Yankee," muttered Volborth, as he loitered a little way off to see what would happen. "A moujik, especially one of my forlorn appearance, would hardly be expected by a sane person to speak English. I wonder how soon he will discover his mistake—if mistake it was. Ah! he has been already enlightened—and shown the door."

For the American had reappeared on the top of the steps in the company of an official, who, by his gestures, was evidently pointing out the desired direction. Having, apparently, thanked his informant, the seeker for the consulate came leisurely down the steps and became merged in the throng of foot passengers on the pavement.

"Let me see," said Volborth to himself, "old Bratski is on duty in the hall of the bureau. He may be trusted to do the right thing and verify that 'error.' Ah! that is well; there goes the shadow."

A nondescript individual had come out of the building and had followed in the direction taken by the American. Having satisfied himself that the spy of the Section had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 2, PART 3.)